with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the Duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety; by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff. JOHNSON

Dr. Johnson objects, with good reason, I think, to the "lame and impotent conclusion" of this play. Our author seems to have been as careless in the conclusion of the following plays as in that before us.

In The Tempest the concluding words are:

"—please you draw near."

In Much Ado About Nothing:

"—— *Strike up, pipers.*"

In Love's Labour's Lost:

"——You that way; we this way."

In The Winter's Tale:

"—Hastily lead away."

In Timon of Athens:

"Let our drums strike."

In Hamlet:

"Go, bid the soldiers shoot."

MALONE

That there is no apparent full and energetic close to any of the plays enumerated by Mr. Malone is undeniable; but perhaps the epilogue, spoken in the character of Prospero, the dance which terminates Much Ado About Nothing, a final and picturesque separation and procession of the personages in Love's Labour's Lost and The Winter's Tale, the symphony of

warlike instruments at the end of Timon, and the peal of ordnance shot off while the survivors in Hamlet are quitting the stage might have proved as satisfactory to our ancestors as the moral applications and polished couplets with which so many of our modern dramatick pieces conclude. STEEVENS,